
Title: The Dark Knight

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The flames poured
towards him, a seething,
rolling mass of carnage
rivaling the tides of two
full moons. Uzeraan knew
his home couldn't
withstand the destruction
consuming Haven for long.
His shields were hasty,
his power draining. It was
a miracle he'd managed to
last this long - darkness
raged against the edges
of his vision as his magic
ebbed away.

"Master!" the scream
came against the crash
of burning timbers. His
maid, Clarissa, appeared
out of the corner of his
eye running from the
southwest room; he knew
he didn't have enough
strength to teleport her
out and still maintain the
protections he was barely
clinging to.

An unearthly howl rose
over the chaos, and,
turning, he saw her fall
before the great daemon
once bound in his castle.
A wordless cry sprang
from his lips. He had
summoned everything he
had towards protecting
themselves from the
outside, from the
destruction of Haven and
his home that had flared
so suddenly from the
earth below. He had
forgotten the bindings on
the dormant threat, a
servant of Semidar
herself, and now death

lay inside as well as out.

Words of Power erupted
into the air and suddenly
the shields dropped. He
had only moments, he
knew, but the flames
bent, they bent! They
twisted to his desperate
will, a wrath born of pain
and fury and death
thundering through his
veins. The vortex tore
into the daemon, and then
they were both
elsewhere...